

Covens

Fanciful, feathery, with haloed wings,
Jesus you must be laughing
Like nothing save a juggler
With a circle of souls
As overhead eggs.

They are little cupids waiting for toast.
They are the smallest, most oval plates
Gliding with Last Supper antics
In a circus smorgasbord of riding
Equestrians.

Crossing plains, gossiping, a star mission
Is in their flight of dust & waves astir.
The seas cast their tablets in, establish
Coasts from breaking mountains as,
Meanwhile, you split bread, propose
Magical napkins, letting doves, banners

Fly...

In the shadows, huddling are a thousand
Eyes askance, eyes of blades & hisses.
Their plots thicken in the tribal purple,
The indigo sweet as steel
Where fathoms of secrecy wait to decide
On what lie will capsize you.

None in the end, while sleight of hand
Conjures horse hooves, marauders
For your caravan temple, the gypsy's spirit

Having bigger fish to fry